

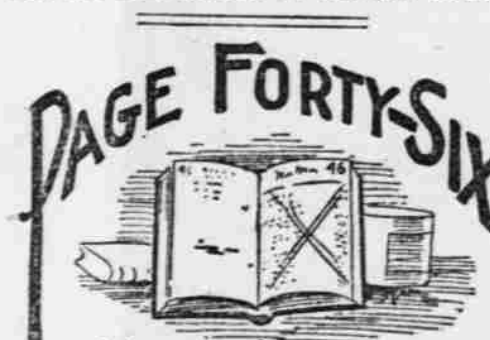


When through the leafless forest, The wild winds rudely sweep; When snow is on the meadow, Where the violets lie asleep; When outward, drifting, dring, The Old Year goes forlorn, In the mystic hour of midnight The Old New Year is born.

Last night I watched in sadness, The passing of the year, For it bore from me a record That cost me many a tear. But a gentle voice has whispered That the past must be forgot; Nor waste this precious season In useless, vain regret.

Of the coming of the New Year, Fills my soul with thoughts sublime, Precious seem the golden moments, Onward borne by fleeting time; And a spirit still within me, Urging me to nobler strife, With an earnest, brave endeavor, For a brighter, better life.

And with grateful heart and lowly, I thank the Power Supreme, Who extends my days in mercy That the past I may remember, For His loving hand keeps me, For His voice that speaks to me, For the opening of the New Year— Though its close I may not see— Grace Southworth, in Western Rural.



LEMONS? Well, where's your money for 'em?"

Abel Tappan spoke sharply.

The thin, shrewd little face across the counter took on an anxious look.

"Mother, she couldn't send the money. She says if you'll please to charge—"

"Charge!—charge! I'm sick o' that tune, you can tell your ma. You can skipper right home and tell her now. When she wants lemons I calculate she's got to pay for 'em same as other folks does."

Little Jot McKie's clumsy shoes shuffled half way to the door, then shuffled resolutely back to the counter again.

"They're for Love, you know," he said, courageously. "An' Love's sick. She's hurt in her back, an' she says the water don't taste good. She's set on having some lemonade. An' mother says if you'll trust her, Mister Tappan—"

"Ain't I trusted her since 'way back most to flood time, I'd like to know? Ain't her page in my ledger chock full o' trustings this minute? When she's settled that page up, mebbe I'll begin over again a trusting her—mebbe so. But not till she you needn't stand there waiting for lemons. Might's well go right along home, sonny."

But Love's pinched, white little face pleaded with Jot, and Love's restless little fingers tugged at his heart strings. Poor Love! and the water didn't taste good. If there was just a squeeze of lemon juice in it! Pluck up courage, Jot—one more trial! For Love, you know—for Love!

"I'll do chores to pay for 'em, an' you needn't only let me have one, Mister Tappan. The water tastes bad, an' Love's set on having a squeeze of lemon. I'll carry it right home an' hurry back an' do chores. I'll come quick as—"

"As your ma pays her bills—just about as quick as that," laughed Abel Tappan, roughly. "I don't know. I'm suffering for chores this time o' night. I guess Dove, or Love, or whatever her name is, he have to drink water a spell longer. Your ma can put some vinegar in to liven it up, with a sprinkling o' sugar. I useter drink that with a relish when I was a little shaver. You've got to pay for lemons if you want 'em out o' this store. I've trusted you and trusted you till I'm sick o' it."

Little Jot drew up his stunted figure in injured dignity. The very freckles on his face radiated scorn.

"Keep your old lemons!" he cried, his voice quavering unsteadily. "We don't want 'em! (O poor little thirty Love!) I guess we ain't beggars! I guess we mean to pay our bills! Mother'd got the money made all saved up, but Love got worse an' she had to have the doctor an' lots of medicines."

He took long, manly strides toward the door, his indignant voice trailing after him. Mrs. Drusilla Wyncoop, just entering, ran into him, and her ample figure and the flapping folds of her shawl quite engulfed the little scurry-ing shape.

"Land of liberty!" she cried, cheerily, "who's this running over me just if I didn't amount to anything! O, you Jotham? Well, I guess I'll have to get my life insured! Good evening, Abel. I thought maybe you wouldn't mind if I dropped in to settle up my account. To-morrow's New Year, and I couldn't sleep a wink to-night, up to my ears in debt."

Abel Tappan beamed at her over the counter. He hunted up a chair for her and put it near the stove.

"I guess 'twouldn't be more than up to your elbows, Miss Wyncoop," he laughed, bowing. "Not deep enough to keep you awake. But I knew you'd be in to-night, just as well I knew I should eat my supper. I told Becky, I says: 'Miss Wyncoop'll be in to pay her bill to-night, you see if she ain't.' Becky says I—set down here by the fire, do—and here you are! Well, all I wish there was more like you in this world! Those shiftless McKies, the world's full o' 'em. I've been trying to get trusted again, but I've struck! I guess it's about time, too."

He got down his big book from the high corner desk and spread it open on the counter, turning the pages laboriously. Abel Tappan was his own bookkeeper and had his own peculiar fashion of "keeping" the great, leather-bound book—a fashion that would have first puzzled, then floored the dapper, precise graduate of a commercial

college. But it sufficed for Abel Tappan very well.

"Forty-two, forty-three, forty-four, forty-five—Wyncoop; that's your page," he said. "And I declare if Page 46 ain't the McKie page, right across from yours. I'd forgot that. Twenty-nine—twenty-nine dollars and eighty-three cents. There you are, Miss Wyncoop! You better reckon it up yourself and make sure it's all right. We're all as liable to mistakes as the sparks that fly upward."

He tilted up and down on his toes, mildly incredulous of any possible error in his reckoning, while Drusilla Wyncoop went over the columns from the top downward. Her lips chattered audibly over the task.

"Yes, that's just right, Abel, and I'm only thankful it isn't any more. Lord of liberty! who'd believe nutmegs an' pepper 'n' salt would cost most \$30!"

Her eyes rested on Page 46, still lying open on the counter. Her own page, opposite, looked almost empty in comparison.

From top to bottom and from side to side, Page 46 was full of minute, unsteady words, traced with cramped painstaking and flanked by a relentless column of figures.

"What a pageful!" she exclaimed. "You don't say the McKies owe the whole of that? Land of liberty! I don't see how they get a wink of sleep, and New Year right on the verge, too! I couldn't!"

"I guess it don't keep them awake. Shiftless folks can sleep with their heads under water."

Mr. Tappan's voice, loud with scorn, echoed back from the high rafters.

Mrs. Wyncoop shook her head remonstratingly. The words issued a little twisted out of shape by the fat shawl pin between her lips.

"O, no, no, Abel; you shan't call them shiftless. I don't know about Jerome McKie, but his wife ain't. She's a real devoted woman, and works dreadful hard. Maybe she don't know how to make the money spend as well's she might, but that ain't shiftlessness. And I never saw a tenderer hearted mother than she is to that little sick girl o' hers. I guess she humors her to pieces. Poor little thing!"

Abel Tappan stirred uneasily. A row of golden lemons on the shelf looked at him with silent reproach. "The water don't taste good," a boy's eager voice said in his ear.



fore she fell downstairs and crooked her back the teacher—she boarded with me then—said you could hardly tell those two children apart when they were together. She used to get 'em all mixed up at school. Same colored hair, with the same kinds in it, and their eyes just alike, and even their little dimples matching! The little McKie girl was fat and well then, like you, Becky."

The lemons blinked their yellow eyes reproachfully. Mr. Tappan strode behind the counter and swept them, with a succession of clatters, into the money drawer. Jot—one more trial! He was mentally reviewing the items of Page 46. He knew them by heart. How many, many of them were little unpretending luxuries that a little, peevish, sick child might crave! How few of them—herbs, nips now and then, and salt codfish, or oatmeal—were necessities! It had nettled him over and over again to think of it, but now, somehow, it touched him against his will.

Yes, O, yes, he knew they used to say the little McKie girl—Love, Dove, what was her name?—looked like Becky. His Becky! His little round, roly poly, happy Becky!

After Mrs. Wyncoop's departure Abel Tappan took the big brown ledger back to the corner desk still open. Doggedly he turned the pages and went to work. With quick steps the little New Year was hurrying to meet the Old Year. His light footsteps made no creaking over the snow. Eleven—quarter past—half-past—how else they were, at almost touching hands!

A little voice roused Abel Tappan; it was—by Becky's—but he had never heard Becky's voice from such a distance before. He seized the lamp and hurried upstairs, where he and his little, beloved, motherless Becky and old Nance lived.

The child was tossing on her bed, fretting plaintively. The little face, in the lamplight, shimmered, looked unduly flushed and thin.

"My back aches so!" she whimpered. Becky's back ached so! Becky's little straight—no, O! Lord have mercy, it was crooked! It bowed out pitifully against the little white sheets. Becky's face was sharp as a needle, and her eyes were shining with tears. The lamp shook in his hand unsafely. Through the blur on his glasses the little tossing head on the pillow seemed strangely far away from him. Was it his little, plump, rollicking, dancing Becky—his straight Becky he had so proud of always?

"Am so thirsty in my throat!" moaned the little crooked Becky on the bed.

He bent down unsteadily and kissed her. His heart broke in the kiss.

"Daddy'll fetch you a drink right off," he faltered.

But she thrust away the glass he brought her.

"I don't taste good—take it away, daddy. I'm so thirsty in my throat!"

"Yes, yes; daddy'll get some nice fresh water, right out of the well. You wait, Becky."

Becky lifted up her small, tangly head and gazed up at him reproachfully.

"Take it away, daddy," she cried. "Put lemon in it—daddy'll taste good. I want a squeeze o' lemon in, an' sugar. I'm so thirsty!"

Back in the store again, he could find no lemons, though he searched and researched with dogged insistence. Where could they be? There had been plenty of them, over there on the second, right-hand shelf, in a row.

He moved boxes and cans, he cleared lower shelves with a sweep of his arm. Becky's little wail sounded on, unceasing, in his ears. He must find them! He could not go back to Becky without them. The yellow labels on some of the bottles mocked him and led him on to unavailing hopes. The dim lights twinkled their eyes and jeered at him. A merry party going past outside shouted and sang, and he shook his tight fist toward them angrily. Where could the lemons be? he asked himself over and over in dull wonder. If he had only remembered to look in the money till!

"I'll go down to the Forks—they'll have 'em at Denby's," he muttered. "It's a good mile, but I don't care if it's 30! I don't care if I have to wake up the seven sleepers, neither!"

But how long it took to find his great coat and get into it! He tried to hurry. Heavy weights seemed to hang to his limbs and drag them back with diabolical persistence. Would his arms ever go into the sleeves? Was it going to take till crack o' doom to get his hat on his head? Big drops of sweat scurried down the seams of his haggard cheeks. He set his teeth doggedly.

If the lemons in the money drawer had only jogged against the door of his memory!

"I'll find one—big one—steal one—anything!" he cried aloud.

Hark! that the little voice, muffled by the folds of the thick comforter,



"WISHER A HAPPY NEW YEAR, DADDY"

still calling to him? Was it growing clearer, nearer?

"Wisher Happy New Year, daddy."

Why, it was Becky said it herself, standing in the murky doorway! Becky! Her voice thrilled out to him, triumphant and sweet.

Abel sprang forward in sudden horror and caught her in his arms. Her little nightgown fell away from her bare toes, and he felt the chill of them against his wrists.

"Happy New Year," he repeated, mechanically, after her. He was struggling the little cold feet fiercely to his breast, and burying his face in the tousled hair.

It was Becky—Becky—and her cheeks, against his, felt round and warm. And she sat on his arm as straight and strong as a little ramrod! Then he had been asleep. He had had a terrible dream. Thank God, he was awake now! He carried Becky back upstairs, feeling every step as he went, with slow care. Then he tucked her into bed among blankets and quilts, and kissed her.

His lamp was flickering out, and he got another and carried it down stairs. The big book on the high corner desk lay open at page 46.

What?

Abel Tappan could hardly believe his eyes. He took off his glasses and rubbed them on the lining of his coat. But when he put them on again, he could still see two ways, criss-cross lines meandering from corner to corner of page 46.

Mrs. Wyncoop's page, opposite, was clean and uncrossed.

"Well, now, who'd 've believed it!" he laughed, in loud delight. His heart felt light and glad. "I did it myself, instead o' crossing out Miss Wyncoop's! And it can stay, too! It'll remind me that I ain't going to press that poor McKie woman a mite—not a mite—not if she can't ever pay up. She's got a poor little spindling, crooked-backed girl, and the Lord knows that's enough affliction. That's more'n I could stand."

With careful painstaking, he retraced the slanting lines, his pen spluttering tiny flecks of ink upon his intent face.

"There!" he breathed softly. "I guess they're black enough to remind me if I ain't stone blind! Now I'll turn over a new leaf."

At the top of the clean, new page he wrote, in his small, unsteady letters, the word "Lemons."

"I'll send Becky over with 'em first thing in the morning—if I can find 'em," he added, laughing again. Then he slapped his thigh in a sudden spasm of recollection.

"Why, bless your heart! they're in the money drawer this minute, holding their sides, like as not. I raked 'em all in to get 'em out o' my sight."

A sleigh load of belated revellers was

crunching past. Their gay voices rang out, and their laughs chimed in pleasantly with his.

He hurried to the door, unlocked it, and shouted after them at the top of his voice, little Becky's "Wisher Happy New Year!"—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in Country Gentleman.

#### AS THE YEARS ROLL BY.

The Duty of Each Generation to Hand Over to the Next a World Bettered by Doing Good.

There was a time in the long ago when this observation would have meant little. Back in those periods when nature was here all alone and was doing everything so leisurely in her own way, when there was no agony of human life, no cry from the lips of men and women, no anxious thought beating upon the perplexed mind, no hope striving against fear in the troubled heart, back in those great stretches of space, in that vast fear of the future, and unutterable transactions of fire and mist and water and sand and sea, where geologists delight to spread out ages and pile up centuries, what would it have mattered if some voice had sounded above the explosions of immeasurable volcanoes, the rise and fall of continents, and the roar of overwhelming seas, and cried: "The future is 'my day'!" If some lone geologist could have stood upon the pinnacle of a favorite theory in that manless world and answered that cry, he would have replied: "Let them roll, we have millions and to spare."

But now that the world and the years no longer belong to nature but to man, and that the fret and fever of life will not permit events to edge slowly along through numberless ages, and that each generation is shut up to its little span of three score and ten, the voice which warns us that the years are rolling away falls upon our thoughts like the sob of a wave dropping down the shore. It is not that the years of all time are rolling by, but that our years are going, which puts such serious cast upon the phrase. The world will roll on, the procession of events will move down the future, and millions of human beings will swarm on the earth ages hence, but the years to which we belong, in which we must make our stroke high or low in history, are fast passing.

Personally, it is pathetic enough, but no doubt it will be all right in the sum of things. For it is not at all certain that it would be better if we kept on through the years. We might get in the way. The world must be greatly changed before the millennium comes, and we might be in too soft a place to want a change, or we might be rusted in the old grooves and refuse to get out, or we might be so full of old notions that there would be no room for a new idea, and our heads might harden to such a degree that nothing but a surgical operation would let in a new ray of light. New men will arise with new views, and women never even than those who are now on the platform may come to the rescue of the race, and there must be ears to hear their messages. As long as human limitations are such that an old generation cannot keep a young heart and a young hope and a face set full to the future, there is no way but to let the race come and go with the years. But the mission of each generation is plain. It is not to reach the final goal, but to do as little harm and as much good as possible, and to hand over to the next generation a better world than we received from our fathers.—Chicago Ad- vance.

#### ANOTHER NEW YEAR.

Age Reckoned by Inward Signs—Old Age Only as Our Growth in Manly and Womanly Virtue Would Show.

A modern author suggests that if all record and measurement of time by hours and days and years could be abandoned, we should gradually adopt a newer and truer standard, and count our age by inward rather than outward signs.

If, by transformation of mental habit, this introspective reckoning could suddenly be brought to bear, in what new aspect could we see ourselves and our friends? How old would many seem who are yet in the vigor of youth, and how youthful many whose brows are wrinkled and crowned with silver hair. We might not wholly separate time and growth, but we should measure time for mortals as we do for trees, by the indications of growth.

Who does not know the difference who looks back and sees the life he has lived, and who looks forward to the life he is to live? The life of the vital years has power to still set every pulse athrob? These years count, the others are ciphers. We are as old as their grand vitality wrought into experience and ripened into character has made us. We are as old as our thoughts are high and deep; as old as our love is true and pure; as old as our only old, no matter how many our years, as our growth in manly and womanly virtue would show. The brain may have absorbed facts and theories and philosophies about goodness and the real self by learning the alphabet of God's lesson of obedience and trust.

These being the natural food of the soul, its real growth depends on the soul's power of assimilating what has been prepared by a Divine hand for its nurture. Yet on no amount of thought about obedience, or love, or goodness will the hungering human nature thrive. No careful analysis of foods will build up the wasting tissues or give new strength to the growing body, only that which enters into the life becomes part of the body, and blood and bone.—Washington Home Magazine.

During the Year.

You have thought of many friends. No doubt you have studied to give them joy in some kindly remembrance. Some of them appeal strongly to you by their own circumstances, not having many of the brighter things of life. Now will you follow this up during the year, and first to help them in every way in your power?—United Presbyterian.

Getting Ready for New Year's Day.

Quizzer—What are you putting cotton in your ears for?

Wise—Don't want to be deafened by the sound of broken pledges to-morrow.—N. Y. Journal.

## The Currency Question.

#### MEXICAN DEVELOPMENT.

The Silver Standard Has Meant Trade Increase for Our Neighboring Republic.

"Increase is the word marked over every statistic of trade given out by Mexico," says the Philadelphia Inquirer. "The exports have increased over the imports, and both are larger than at any time during the life of that republic. Agriculture, manufacturing and mining all show large gains. The railroads are earning more and steamships are crowding her ports in a manner hitherto almost unknown."

"This, in brief, tells the situation in the country where Diaz is the beneficent but none the less absolute dictator. The Mexican himself is to a large extent responsible for this condition of affairs. He is reaching out and exploiting the resources of his country at every opportunity. He is organizing syndicates and he is taking contracts—he is exhibiting his products at state fairs and at national exhibitions—in a word, he is pushing Chili hard for the honor of being called the 'Yankee of the South.'"

"Nor have Americans been slow to see the advantages that are offered for trade in Mexico. Capital is flowing into that country to buy farms, sink shafts and build factories. A large company is operating a chewing gum candy and cracker factory. American buyers have gone into Mexico to buy 80,000 head of cattle to ship to Cuba and Porto Rico. In the last few years many cotton factories have been built by Americans, who import half the raw cotton they use from the states. Mexican papers are full of comments on the excellence of American machinery, which has been imported in quantities recently. The demand for American bicycles is 20 per cent. greater than it was four years ago, and is steadily growing."

"American machinery and American methods go hand in hand. The merchants of Mexico no longer demand nine and twelve months' time on their bills, but are learning to pay in 30 days or take a discount at ten days. Salesmen and agents representing our merchants scour the country from end to end placing orders or buying."

"And the government is encouraging this rapid increase in the commercial prosperity of the country by every means it has at hand. Even the gendarmerie, or police force, of the City of Mexico is now taught to speak English, and prizes are given to those most proficient."

"We in this country are too prone to assume that the countries south of us are asleep. Such is not the fact. Mexico is but a single example of what is going on through the whole of South America. It is the magic touch of energy and enterprise that the United States gives to those peoples who come under its influence."

While the Philadelphia Inquirer was thus discoursing on the marvelous progress of Mexico, "sound money" orators and newspapers engaged in campaign work all over the country were painting sad and sorrowful pictures of the degradation and distress of Mexico, all on account of her "30-cent dollars." "Just think of it," shrieks the campaign spell-binder, "one American dollar is more than equal to two Mexican dollars. Do you want such money as that? How can any country be prosperous and progressive upon a cheap silver standard?"

It ought to be plain that if a Mexican dollar is only worth half as much as an American dollar, it will only take half as much labor or produce to get the Mexican dollar. If a Mexican is working for \$1.50 a day in the silver money of his country, the adoption of the gold standard there would reduce his pay to 75 cents. Would that improve his condition any? If so, how? So far from being a benefit to him, it would be a most grievous injury. It is true that other things might fall in price also, and thus enable him to "keep even," but if he just "keeps even" how does the gold standard improve his condition? The goldite cannot defend his pet system by simply showing that a man can "keep even" under it, for the claim is that the gold standard is the best, and he is bound to prove it. Nor can he do so by showing that American experiments are, as a rule, better off than the Mexican, because the former has many advantages over the latter entirely separate and apart from any difference in the monetary system. He must show how the adoption of the gold standard by Mexico would improve the condition of labor there. He cannot do it. The most he can do is to show that the Mexican can lose nothing, because 50 cents in gold would go as far as one dollar in silver. But even here the gold man would fail, for 50 cents in gold would not pay as much debt or taxes or fixed charges as would one dollar in silver, unless they be scaled pro rata. This is contrary to a golden religion. No matter how much the dollar is increased in exchange value, the creditor and the tax gatherer and the tax eater must receive just the same number of dollars, and to deny it is "repudiation."

But this does not state the entire case. The gold standard has carried a long train of evils into every country adopting it and has benefited none, so far as the masses of the people are concerned. There has been unceasing complaint in every gold standard country from 1873 right down to the present day. No sooner did India take a step in that direction, in 1893, than the clouds began to gather upon her industrial horizon, and the whole aspect of her business affairs was changed. The same is true of Japan, and the same will be true of Mexico if she ever tries the experiment. The silver standard increases her profits on exports, because she sells for gold, and when she exchanges it for silver she gets two dollars for one. It stimulates her manufactures, because when she buys in a gold standard country she has to give two dollars in silver for one in gold, while the goods she desires have not fallen so much. Hence she builds factories and prospers. Poor Mexico!—National Bimetalist.

#### PHILIPPINE FINANCES.

Business Men of Manila Favor Maintaining on Silver Standard with Balance of Asia.

Mr. Edward W. Harden, who was appointed in August last as honorary commissioner of the United States to make an investigation of the financial and industrial condition of the Philippine islands, has made his report to the secretary of the treasury, in the course of which he says:

"Silver is the basis of the currency in the Philippine islands. There is no gold in general circulation and has been none for more than 30 years. The Mexican dollar of a date previous to 1877 is current in the islands, and it is practically the only money in general circulation. The Spanish government, in the summer of 1897, coined \$6,000,000 of silver in a local currency, which was sent to the islands. These dollars are lighter in weight than the Mexican dollar, but the security of money in the Philippine islands caused them to be quickly absorbed. There is a local note-issuing bank called the Banco Espanol Filipino, which has in circulation notes based on silver, of which there was outstanding on September 30, 1898, approximately \$2,500,000."

"The amount of money needed for the trade and commerce of the islands fluctuates in the different seasons. In the height of the summer season—say from February to June, when large amounts of sugar are exported—there is a sharp increase in the demand for money. For the ordinary needs of the country little money is used, as the credit system is in vogue throughout the islands, and there is, therefore, no great amount of money needed for the payment of wages to the laboring classes. In the far-off season, when exports are light, the demand for money would become so small that the circulating medium would be much more than sufficient for the needs of the country."

"Of the \$6,000,000 in Philippine dollars coined by the Spanish government and sent out a year ago only a small percentage is now in Manila. It is estimated that there is in circulation \$10,000,000 of subsidiary coins the ten-cent, the 20-cent and 50-cent pieces, which have been received from Mexican dollars by the Spanish government. The estimate of the Mexican dollar now in circulation, as given by one of the best-informed bankers in the islands, is from \$20,000,000 to \$25,000,000. This, with the \$2,500,000 of notes of the Banco Espanol Filipino now in circulation, constitutes the currency of the islands. This would make a total of from \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000, speaking roughly, for the entire islands, or approximately five dollars per capita for the total population of the islands. These figures are given on a silver basis, and, therefore, in figuring on our own standard all of these figures must be cut in two."

"The question of the future currency of the islands is one which is of vital importance to all business men in the islands. The best-informed men in Manila are unanimous in their opinion that under the present conditions the silver currency is the only one suited to the islands. A great deal of the trade of the Philippines is with China and Japan, the Straits Settlements, India and Australia. In China and in Japan, and in India, the whole trade is on the silver basis, though Japan has adopted the gold standard, having, however, as the basis of its currency a gold dollar which is approximately worth only 50 cents, and its currency, therefore, in effect, is on a silver basis."

"If the United States retains the Philippine islands, a special coinage of silver dollars might be minted for circulation in the archipelago, the same as the British dollar has been put in circulation in the Straits Settlements, in Hong Kong and in other ports where British interests predominate."

#### GAGE'S CURRENCY SCHEME.

His Utmost Banking Proposition Finds Little Favor Even Among Certain Goldite Advocates.

The scheme of Secretary Gage to retire the greenbacks and place the currency issuing power in the hands of the banks is certain to encounter breakers. Already opposition to it is being developed in republican ranks, and when the McCleary bill gets before congress an open revolt against its provisions will occur. There is no more determined gold standard organ than the Chicago Tribune, which paper, in commenting on Secretary Gage's plan and his hope that it will be approved by the next congress, uses the following significant language:

"Fifty-sixth congress is not going to turn away from the Philippines, Porto Rico and other grave questions which will claim its serious attention to remodel the national bank act in such a fashion as to enable those institutions to issue notes against their capital instead of against government bonds. The proposed change would increase the strain on the banks greatly in hard times and panicky seasons, when they would be forced to depositors. The next congress will do nothing which can pave the way to return of the wildcat banking methods of other years."

"The only financial legislation which the Tribune deems possible or probable 'for years to come' is an amendment to the national banking act which will permit the banks to issue currency up to the par value of their government bonds. Under the law as it now is the banks can issue only 90 per cent. of the par value of their bonds, that is, for every bond of \$100 they can issue \$90 of currency. The Tribune's proposition is that for every \$100 bond \$100 currency be issued. In view of the large premiums on all government bonds, the safety of the note holders would not be diminished. The government bonds have never been below par since the civil war closed, and for many years have commanded heavy premiums."

The Tribune reflects the sentiments of a portion of the republican party which, while favoring the gold standard, is yet opposed to any "wildcat banking" scheme, such as Secretary Gage is trying to force on congress at the instance of the Indianapolis monetary convention.—Denver News.

## WILL CLAIM ANOTHER ISLAND.

Dept. Tassig of the Bennington to Halse the Flag Over Wake Island in the Far Pacific.

Washington, Dec. 24.—The government has determined to hoist the flag over an island far out in the Pacific ocean, and orders were sent out late yesterday afternoon to the commander of the Bennington, Capt. Tassig, to proceed at once to take possession in the name of the United States government of Wake Island, lying in latitude 19 north, longitude 166 east.

Location of Wake Island.

It is distant about 2,000 miles from Niihau, the westernmost of the Hawaiian islands and 1,300 miles east from Guam. It is almost in a direct line between these possessions of the United States, and is admirably adapted for use as a station for a Pacific cable to connect the Philippines with Hawaii and the United States. It is about three miles in length, and incloses a lagoon of salt water. The average height of the island is eight feet above high tide. It is scarcely capable in itself of sustaining life, but it is expected that a cable station can be maintained without difficulty by the erection of a condenser to supply fresh water.

Its Possession by the United States Absolutely Necessary.

Some station in this locality is deemed to be absolutely necessary to the maintenance of a cable, and for that reason the American peace commissioners at Paris endeavored to secure one of the Caroline islands, but without success.

Wake is said to be by right already American territory, for in 1813 Admiral Wilkes surveyed the place and asserted title. It is not inhabited, so far as known, at the present time, but in the past some guano gatherers have temporarily lived on the island.

How the Order will be Executed.

The Bennington is now at Honolulu and the orders to her go out by steamer. After hoisting the flag on Wake Island she will proceed to Guam and make the survey of the island, which was ordered some time ago. She has already completed a survey of Pearl harbor, seven miles from Honolulu, which will form the foundation of the government plans for the enlargement of the harbor there and the straightening of the channel connecting the inner harbor with the ocean.

#### THE OLINDE RODRIGUEZ.

The French Steamship Made a Prize by the Cruiser New Orleans Released by Judge Brawley.

Charleston, S. C., Dec. 24.—In the United States district court here yesterday Judge Brawley handed down a decision discharging the Olinde Rodriguez, the French steamship made a prize of war by the cruiser New Orleans on July 17. The ship belonged to the Transatlantic line, and at one time it seemed as though international complications might grow out of her retention, and the fight in the United States courts over her has been long and bitter. Judge Brawley releases the ship on the ground that the blockade of San Juan was not effective on the fifth of July in the sense in which that term is accepted by the nations.

#### AN UNPOPULAR DECISION.

The Acquittal of Walter Rosser, Who Killed Henry Hildebrand, Causes Bad Blood in San Francisco.

San Francisco, Dec. 24.—An attempt has been made to arouse the people of this city to violence as a result of the acquittal of Walter Rosser, the Tennessee soldier who killed Henry Hildebrand. Flaming posters bearing the following inscription were conspicuously displayed on bill boards yesterday: "Tar and Feathers for the 12 Jurors Who Acquitted Murderer Rosser."

Chief-of-Police Lees does not fear trouble, but says that he will make an effort to have Rosser indicted for the attempted murder of Willie Lynch, whom he fired at when he killed Hildebrand. If the indictment is returned, which seems hardly likely, Rosser will be extradited.

#### AMERICAN TROOPS IN CUBA.

The War Department Making Strenuous Efforts to Send Sufficient Troops to Meet Any Call.

Washington, Dec. 24.—There is every evidence in the war department that strenuous efforts are making to put enough American troops in Cuba to meet any call upon them through the speedy evacuation of the Spanish garrisons. All the transports available at Atlantic ports are being prepared, under rush orders, for sailing south. The Spanish are carrying out their evacuation contract with unusual celerity, and there is some question whether American troops can be concentrated at certain points before the Spaniards leave. Meantime, the Cubans are preparing for demonstrations during evacuation week, and it is thought very desirable to have an adequate force on hand to prevent any outbreak that would jeopardize the American entente at the outset.

#### WON'T GO WITH UNCLE SAM.

A Postal Practice in Porto Rico that the Agent of the Post Office Department is Setting Down Upon.

Washington, Dec. 24.—The postmaster general has received word from the postal agent at Porto Rico that he has stopped, out of fairness to this government, the practice which has been carried on by certain mayors of Porto Rican cities of fixing simply the mayoralty seals to mail matter when postage stamps are lacking in their offices.

#### WARMEST THANKS.

President McKinley Receives the Thanks of the City Council of Havana for His Aid to the Needy.

Washington, Dec. 24.—The following has been received here from Habana: McKinley, President of the United States: The city council, in solemn session, has resolved, in the name of the people of Habana, to return its warmest thanks to you for the contribution sent in aid of the needy poor.

[Signed.] ESTABAN, President.